Affliction till it do cry out it selfe
Enough, enough, and dye: that thing you speake of,
I tooke it for a man: often would he say
The fiend, the fiend, he led me to that place.

*Edg.* Bare, free, and patient thoughts: but who comes heere,
The safer sense will nere accommodate his maister thus.

*Enter Lear mad.*

*Lear.* No, they cannot touch me for coyning, I am the King himselfe.

*Edg.* O thou side piercing sight.

*Lear.* Nature is aboue Art in that respect, ther's your presse-money. That fellow handles his bow like a Crow-keeper, draw me a clothiers yard. Looke, looke, a Mouse; peace, peace, this tosted cheese will do it. Ther's my gantlet, Ile proue it on a Gyant, bring vp the browne bils. O well flowne birde in the ayre, Hagh, giue the word.

*Edg.* Sweet Margerum.

*Lear.* Passe,

*Glo.* I know that voice.

*Lear.* Ha *Gonorill*, ha *Regan*, they flatter'd me like a dogge, and told me I had white haires in my beard, ere the black ones were there; to say I and no to all I saide: I and no too was no good Diuinity. When the raine came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter, when the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found them, there I smelt them out: goe too, they are not men of their words, they told mee I was euery thing, tis a lye, I am not argue-proofe.

*Glost.* The tricke of that voyce I doe well remember, ist not the King?

*Lear* I, euery inch a King: when I do stare see how the subiect quakes: I pardon that mans life, what was thy cause, Adulterie? thou shalt not dye for adultery: no, the wren goes toot, and the small guilded flye do letcher in my sight; let copulation thriue. For *Glosters* bastard son was kinder to his father then my daughters got tweene the lawfull sheets, toot Luxury, pell mell, for I want souldiers. Behold yon simpring dame, whose face between her



her forkes presageth snow, that minces vertue, and do shake the head, heare of pleasures name to fichew, nor the soyled Horsse goes toot with a more riotous appetite: downe from the waste they are Centaures, though women all aboue, but to the girdle do the gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends, theres Hell, theres darkenesse, theres the sulphury pit, burning, scalding, stench, consummation, fie, fie, fie, pah, pah: Giue mee an ounce of Ciuet, good Apothecary, to sweeten my imagination, ther's money for thee.

*Glo.* O let me kisse that hand.

*Lear.* Here wipe it first, it smels of mortality.

*Glo.* O ruin'd peece of nature, this great world shold so weare out to naught, do you know me?

*Lear.* I remember thy eyes well enough, dost thou squiny on me: no, do thy worst blinde Cupid, Ile not loue: Read thou that challenge, marke the penning on't.

*Glo.* Were all the letters suns I could not see one.

*Edg.* I would not take this from report, it is, & my hart breaks at it.

*Lear.* Read.

*Glo.* What, with the case of eyes.

*Lear.* O ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head nor money in your purse? your eyes are in a heauy case, your purse in a light; yet you see how this world goes?

*Glo.* I see it feelingly.

*Lea.* What art mad? A man may see how the world goes with no eyes. Looke with thy eares, see how yon Iustice railes vpon yon simple theefe: hearke in thy eare, handy dandy, which is the theefe, which is the Iustice. Thou hast seene a farmers dog barke at a begger.

*Glo.* I sir.

*Lear.* And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of Authoritie, a dogge, so bad in office. Thou Rascall Beadle hold thy bloody hand; why dost thou lash that whore? strip thine owne backe, thy blood hotly lusts to vse her in that kind for which thou whipst her. The vsurer hangs the cozener, through tattered ragges small vices do appeare, Robes

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